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JULY, 1947

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

The Land Where Hate Should Die

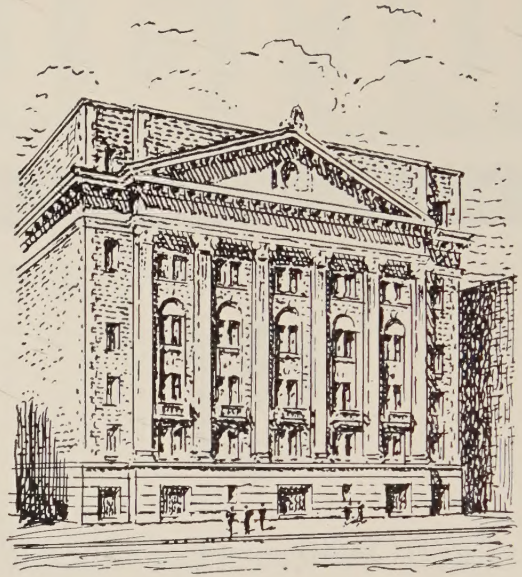
This is the land where hate should die—
No feuds of faith, no spleen of race,
No darkly brooding fear should try
Beneath our flag to find a place.
Lo! every people here has sent
Its sons to answer freedom's call;
Their lifeblood is the strong cement
That builds and binds the nation's wall.

This is the land where hate should die—
Though dear to me my faith and shrine,
I serve my country well when I
Respect beliefs that are not mine.
He little loves his land who'd cast
Upon his neighbor's word a doubt,
Or cite the wrongs of ages past
From present rights to bar him out.

This is the land where hate should die—
This is the land where strife should cease,
Where foul, suspicious fear should fly
Before our flag of light and peace.
Then let us purge from poisoned thought
That service to the state we give,
And so be worthy as we ought
Of this great land in which we live!

Denis A. McCarthy

(From "Poems for Special Days and Occasions" Thomas Curtis Clark)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXIV **July, 1947** *Number 4*

My Garden

My garden is to me a sacred place
Where I, in love, the universe embrace.
Kneeling upon the earth my spirit knows
Its primal unity with all that grows.
No plant is there, no flower or vine or tree
That does not seem a living part of me.
And I and they, nursed at the selfsame breast,
Find in the earth our strength, our joy, our rest.
Our roots run deep into the heart of things,
One prayer is ours, one song our spirit sings:
That life is good, when we ourselves transcend,
Nor can its goodness ever know an end.
So am I lifted from all fear and fret
When in my garden I with God have met.

—Victor E. Southworth.

The Good, the True, the Beautiful

Our Only Creed

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

36th YEAR

Sunday Morning Service.....11 o'clock
Broadcast by WJJD
Closed for the summer. Re-opening
September 14th

Sunday Evening Service (November
through Easter).....7:30 o'clock

Church School of Religious Education.....9:30 a.m.
Closed for the summer. Re-opening
September 14th

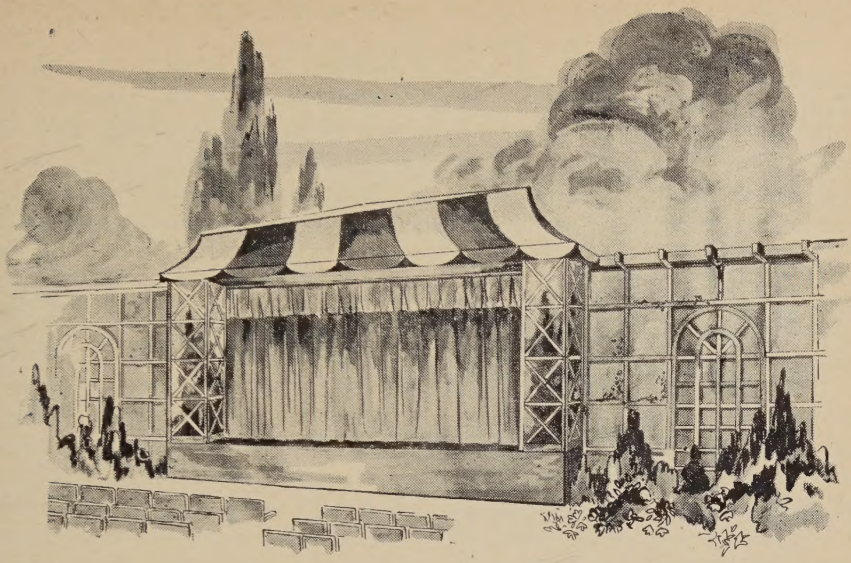
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures
(November through Easter).....8:00 o'clock

DR. BRADLEY ON THE AIR

WLS—Every morning at 9:30 (Monday through Friday), ABC Network. Over 200 stations in the U.S. and Canada. (By transcription July to Sept. 15th)
"Hymns of All Churches" Program.

WGN—Every evening at 6:00 (Monday through Friday) Sept. 15th through June.

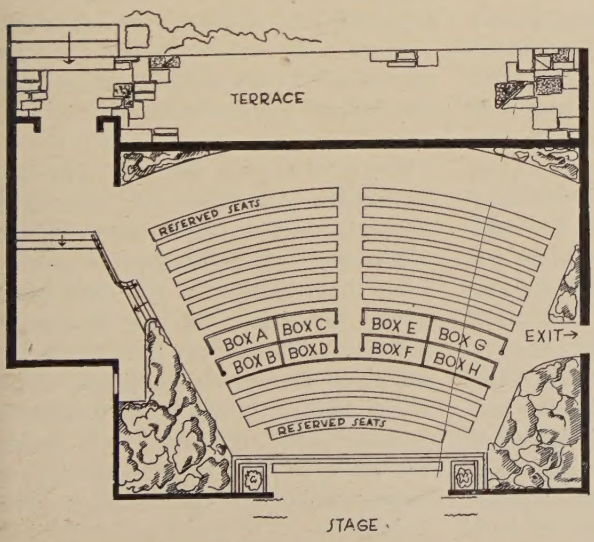
Throughout the summer, Dr. Bradley will be heard over WJJD in a short sermon from 11 to 11:15 every Sunday morning.



LUZERN GARDEN THEATRE

Lake Geneva, Wisconsin

A "Theatre Under the Stars" is the new site of the Uptown Players as they open in the new Luzern Theatre on Friday evening, June 27th. The Players, Chicago's outstanding little theatre group for the past twenty-three years, and winners of many awards, including the Edith Rockefeller McCormick cup and the Friends of Literature award, with their founder, J. Bradley-Griffin directing, will give four plays weekly, with performances each Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday evening.



This new theatre will seat approximately 350, including boxes of five. Comfortable seats, and a fully equipped stage, make it a delight to both audience and acting company, and the beautiful terraced garden, which gives the theatre its name, is a lovely spot for a promenade during intermissions.

Popular Broadway hits will be presented, with "Arsenic and Old Lace" opening the sea-

son, and many celebrities have accepted the invitation to be present opening night, at which Dr. Preston Bradley will give the dedication speech.

Mr. Bradley-Griffin has taken over beautiful Stone Manor on Lake Geneva for a Summer Theatre Workshop. Two terms of five weeks each will be presented, starting June 23, and subjects taught are voice, diction, body coordination, characterization, makeup, stage design, costume design, radio, fencing, modeling, and styling. The trained staff includes, in addition to Mr. Bradley-Griffin, Roberta Slagle, Marvyn Harbert, Peggy Patton, Roberta Hewitt, Ruthe Johnston, Barbara Wahl, Willie Owitz, and Gen Gibbons.

Although the Bradley-Griffin School of the Theater has been a part of Chicago for many years, this is the first time it has expanded its activities into the summer months.

For complete schedule of plays see page 23.

"MAN'S GREAT POTENTIALITY"

MAN, through the whole process of evolution, has given evidence of a great potentiality. The Golden Age of Greece; Pheidias and sculpture; Aristophanes and great Greek comedies; then tragedies, and man saw himself upon the contemporary stage of Grecian beauty; Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, out of the majesty of man's mental reverberations co-ordinated and systematized a program of man's thinking, and Descartes said: "I think, therefore I am." Johann Gutenberg, humble German worker and inventor—printing was born. Galileo transformed all subsequent science, and drove every later scientist to his knees in admiration of his courage. Copernicus transformed our conceptions of the cosmos. Edison—the electric light. The Wright Brothers—this brain and heart of man gave evidence they were synchronized to the Eternal continuing creativeness and unending inspiration, when man could take this mind of his and tackle every difficult, dark, secret cavern of the world's ignorance and say to the law of gravitation, "I laugh at you for I build myself wings!"

Man and the Eternal Heart can build a new world. Did you ever stop to ask yourself, "Am I really alive?" "Am I satisfied with what I am?" The first requirement toward self-improvement is a fundamental, operative, creative belief in yourself. No one can do anything for you until you believe in you. It is as essential that you should believe in yourself as that you should believe in God. Begin to believe that you are of some importance to the final scheme of things, because you are! Believe that you have importance in every area of your own influence, because you have! You are important to your own home—to your own work—to your own nation!

No matter what the past, you can reconstruct the energizing processes, physical, mental and spiritual, which will create a sense of adequacy and become the originator of the great inner power necessary for the successful building of tomorrow. We create for ourselves that which we affirm. Don't try to build a future in the future. It is never done that way. Build today for tomorrow, and if you want a great tomorrow be sure you build a great today.

P. B.

"HOW CAN ONE BELIEVE IN A GOOD GOD IN A WORLD LIKE THIS?"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago
April 27, 1947

NO minister could pick out a more difficult task than I have assigned myself in attempting to answer, or at any rate explore, the question: "How can we believe in a good God in a world like this?" It is a question that is asked of me almost every day of my life. It is a question that everyone asks himself almost daily as we come face to face with the multiplicity of inexplicable experiences which happen to individuals in which it seems that wrong is on the throne and right upon the scaffold, and we try to sit down and think the thing through and we ask ourselves: "How can we believe in a good God in a world where such things can happen?"

This was brought vividly to me during the war one day when I learned that a family in this Church, with whom I had been rather closely associated, had received that very day that fateful telegram from the United States Government which said: "We regret to inform you that your son * * *"—you are all familiar with the rest of it. This particular lad was a lad of great parts, fine idealism, good mind, splendid character, who was killed in the Battle of the Bulge. The very same day in which I sat down with that father and mother in the presence of that telegram, I received an invitation to come to a dinner that evening in which another family was to welcome their boy home. One boy dead at the Battle of the Bulge; on the same evening a friendly, joyous family dinner to welcome another boy home. And they said to me, "Can you explain this?" "How can God be so cruel?" said one mother, and the other mother said, "How good God is!"

We see the problem in myriads and myriads of ways every day of our lives. I see it continually. I am quite sure that the most intellectually discriminating listener to me now would not think it possible for me to answer that question fully and adequately, and you think rightly for it is not possible. I make no pretense of being able to answer what is, probably, the oldest challenge that religion in general, and Christianity in particular, have brought to the mind of man. The theologians and the philosophers all through the centuries have been debating and arguing this same question, and probably they will go on to the end of time with the argument and the debate.

In a world where arson is a crime, as Doctor Fosdick told us not long ago, and where buildings and property are burned and destroyed by the forces of Nature, and people inject the idea of God into that picture, so that what is a crime in society, is frequently attributed to God; and where we are told, "Thou shalt not kill," and yet our hearts are torn, our minds are racked with efforts to understand when great tragedies that affect hundreds of lives, like that recently in Texas City, happen in our midst; then we ask ourselves the question "Where is God?"

Now, why do these things happen? Last week a family started out for their

holiday in Florida, a fine family. Hardly had they gone 200 miles until they were picked up off the highway by the police, an ambulance, and other motorists, maimed and dead. Scattered about the highway was their baggage and their road map, while the machine was a mass of twisted wreckage—a tragedy. Fine family, good people, honorable people, and their nearest relatives said, "Why should this happen? Where was God? It should not have been!" We are taught that the most important conception in life is the sacredness of a human personality, and that the most sacred thing in the world is the human life, and then the nations attempt to utilize all the animistic brutality of which they are capable in the diabolical institution called "War"—and 22 million young men, men who have been carefully chosen, men upon whom the last word of science has been applied in order that their blood might be pure, their mental and moral natures normal, their physical well-being of such a character that they can stand the rigors, the challenge of war, picked men, the best men, progenitors of another civilization like this—22 million of them are dead, while the fragile, delicate, quivering international relationships between the powers of the world tremble with uncertainty today, particularly after Moscow, until in the hearts of the people is the gnawing, irritating, frightful suspicion that we might be on the verge of another war, and only so recently as yesterday, a man, high in the responsibilities of government, intimated that we might anticipate another Pearl Harbor at any moment! With a bankrupt world operating in a vacuum, and with this colossal tragedy impressively before our consciousness, we wonder about God, and some people begin to ask a question that connotates a severity that we cannot dismiss glibly with a shrug of the shoulder, as they say, "If God is all good, can He be all powerful at the same time in a world like this?" And, "If He is all powerful, can He, at the same time, be all good?" In other words, do we have a God that is all powerful and all good? If He is all powerful, explain not only in the life of individuals but in the life of the nations, the impending tragedies and impending disasters. Is He all good and all powerful and yet permits such situations and circumstances to exist? These are implications that far better minds than mine have tried to grapple with. So, I come to terms with them in my own humble way, and it is that which I wish to give you this morning. It has concerned me deeply, fundamentally.

We see all about us something that, obviously, is saturated with injustice and unfairness. I thought of it again this week as I heard from various correspondents about that dear little woman whom I have visited often, who has now been bedridden for more than 53 years and is just as near an angel as exists on this earth, Miss Mae Ferguson of Belvidere, Illinois. More than fifty years has she been in bed, an invalid, her spirit and her soul and her mind crystal clear with purity and loveliness, and yet a prisoner of her room. I wonder! I wonder!

Well, if we had the old pagan conception of religion, the problem would be much easier, for the old paganism had two gods, the god who was good and the god who was evil, and a good god and an evil god were constantly in antagonism and in warfare against each other, and if we could accept a dualistic philosophy rather than the philosophy of monism, for I accept the philosophy of monism, and not dualism, of the cosmos . . . if we were to accept the philosophy of dualism the problem would be simplified and solved, for we

could understand a conflict between two powers, a power of good and a power of evil. If there is a good god and an evil god, then our problem becomes simplified. I do not believe that. I believe there is a good God and *ONE GOD* which is the integrated Heart of the cosmos itself. Therefore, what must I do when I run into the tragedies of life, the injustice, the unfairness, the iniquity of it, the apparent defeatism of goodness and truth and beauty; evil people, destructive people, unkind people; what must I do? It seems to me that I can best give you by analogy an illustration of what I mean when we get into the matter of the things that happen in the physical universe.

Let us take floods and fires and accidents (so-called) although I happen to be one of those who, philosophically, do not accept the principle that there are any accidents. I do not think that there has ever been an accident. I think every so-called accident is a violation of some law. Somewhere in any accident, no matter what it is, these accidents of our modern mechanistic age of speed and materialism and of anxiety and restlessness and of powerful production, and all other things that are associated with our materialistic civilization, when these great catastrophes happen they are not accidents; they are, in the last analysis, violations of some principle of the cosmos. God does not cause them. By violating the law of God the accident becomes resultant, no matter how innocent a person might be who is involved in the accident. It is the innocency of the person that creates the challenge and not the accident itself that can be explained.

When the floods of the lower Mississippi devastated regions with the countless loss of lives and property, people said: "Why does God cause the flood?" God never caused a flood yet. I cannot read into the character of God that he ever would. The floods of the lower Mississippi occurred when the greed of man cut off the vegetation and lumber of the upper Mississippi and denuded the natural water reservoirs that Nature had provided to absorb the surplus moisture, and consequently, when the lumber interests, interested principally in profit, slashed away all the woodlands of the upper Mississippi, we got floods in the lower Mississippi. Do not lay that onto God. When people say that God causes floods, they have not thought it through.

The same with dust storms. Twelve to sixteen inches of grazing soil was designed by Nature only as grazing land for buffaloes; then when some promoter got an idea that that land could be turned into corn and wheat land and could become agriculturally productive and they cut up the turf land, we got the wind storms and dust bowl, and somebody said, "Why did God permit the dust bowl?" God did not have anything to do with it; it was the greed, the avarice of man. I could go on and on with this approach.

Now, the point to me is this: that while it is difficult to explain the powers of a good God in the face of evil, and the power of evil people and evil nations, evil institutions; how can we explain the good and the beautiful and the true without God? If you find one a challenge, how much more highly fortifying do you find the other? That's where I begin. The miracle to me and the beauty of it is not that I miss trouble, nor you, nor that I miss sorrow, nor that I avoid or escape the agonies of life, nor that God sends them to me. I don't know. Perhaps He does. Perhaps God may be trying to find out what we are made of, and how much strength and beauty and power is latent in our personalities. I know this, that I have never had a sorrow, a disap-

pointment, or a moment of grief, never has my soul wrestled with the forces of evil people, never have I had to face the conflict and turmoil of decision, never, but when I opened my heart to the infiltration of divine guidance, out of it there came a strength and beauty and character. It is not that we shall miss the trouble; that is not the question; nor is it that we should challenge God or defy Him and say to Him, "Why must this happen to me?" But that we, in the presence of the most severe pommelling which life can give us, beaten, bloody, bound, bowed, may catch a glimpse of the spirit of God; and then, if we are sincere and honest and want to begin all over again and get a grip upon life and go forward, God meets us, and we cannot accuse Him and say, "Why do you do this to me, God? Why did this happen to me?" but we can say, "Because it did happen to me I will reflect more of the beauty and power of God." It is not for humanity to run away from hatred; it is not to develop a sense of cynicism and defeatism of life; but it is to know that when life is its most brutal and is its most cruel . . . do you know at such times how I have met the brutality of life?

Let the philosophers debate and argue, and let the theologians discuss, but when my heart and soul have been under the pommelling of life, I have been able to meet that moment by simply and quietly, sometimes hour after hour, repeating a great psalm in the deepest and darkest moments: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the House of the Lord forever." That is worth a million theological arguments; that is worth a thousand pages of the philosophers' writings; *THAT IS THE POWER OF GOD IN A HUMAN LIFE! IT IS THERE! IT IS AVAILABLE! IT IS FOR YOU, AND IT WILL SURROUND YOUR LIFE AND FILL YOU WITH THE DIGNITY AND STRENGTH OF THE CONQUEROR!* Then you can sense the same exhilaration and achievement which the Master himself felt when he said: *"I HAVE OVERCOME THE WORLD!"*

Let nations, let men, let empires, let foreign ministers and presidents, let us all, instead of accusing God, *WORK WITH GOD,* and we will build the Kingdom out of the wreckage of our past failures.

HOW SHALL I PRAY?

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

MANY people, in outgrowing their childhood, feel they have outgrown prayer. Many people who never did pray, ask themselves (when they think about the subject of prayer at all) "Why pray?" Many people, when confronted with some tragedy or with some serious problem, feel the need of knowing how to pray, so that their prayer might be effective in their lives.

To all these people I would answer,

that the best prayer and the most effective, may be silent prayer. I have discovered through many experiences that sometimes the one thing that stands in the way of my own spiritual development and progress is myself—just myself. I have learned that it is necessary for all of us, in any great spiritual crisis, to see one's self first—make an analysis—be honest with one's self first. No matter how much people may think they know about you, the fact of the matter is that you know more about yourself than anyone else knows. But how easy it is to run away from self-knowledge; and when the problems and difficulties and burdens pile up, it is very natural, and a human tendency, for us to place the responsibility upon others, upon environment, upon myriads of things, rather than to turn the searchlight upon ourselves.

Now I have found that some of the most authoritative and definitive conceptions of myself come in prayer and in the silence. We see them in perspective; we see true values—we discover our inner selves and find many things that we are doing that are contributing to our own problem. Thus prayer gives an opportunity for self-cleansing, for self-revelation; and there is no finer form of prayer for this purpose than the silent. There is no intrusion there, no voice is in the way, no phrases in your ears to listen to. There is just God and you. You can use your own language, for God understands all languages—and even understands the silence, and the thought, and there is not a single revelation that can come to you from within the depths of your own being that God does not understand.

It matters not what you have to face, grief, pain, remorse—the infinite, divine Mind and Heart of God understands, and if we put ourselves in harmony with that Mind and Heart, the rest follows. It isn't necessary to try to explain it, it just follows.

So for a few silent moments talk quietly and reverently to God. Then see what happens for the rest of the day for you. See the poise and the strength that will come. Don't try to analyze it —don't become a cold logician—just open up your heart to God. That's prayer.

A MEDITATION

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

DEAR Father and Friend, our lips today would try to frame our appreciation and our gratitude for the demonstration of Thy love and Thy power. We have been so unworthy. We are not entitled to that strength and that protection, but Thou hast given it to us and we are grateful.

Now let us dedicate ourselves, everything we have, all that we are, and everything we hope to be—let us dedicate ourselves anew to Thee and to Thy love. May this moment, when it comes to a close, be one to which more than one life, one heart, can look back to it and be able to say—"That was the beginning of recovery."

We are so grateful that Thou, in Thy great love, never holdest anything against us, and as far as the East is from the West, so far are our transgressions behind us and buried in the depths of Thy love. O, Master of us all, what inexpressible joy, what indescribable relief comes to our souls when we know that we have been cleansed and purified and that yesterday is dead—today is ours—and tomorrow is Thine. May that healing strength and that divine presence answer every human need everywhere.

THE SUPREME NEED OF OUR TIME

MANY people say that the supreme need of our time is devotion to truth and righteousness and brotherhood. Is it? Prophets have long declared that these are the keys to God's kingdom on earth. And they are. I do not minimize their importance. But something much more basic is needed. Our forefathers had it, but many of us have lost it.

Have you seen in magazines pictures of little Chinese children lying down to die in gutters? Have you heard that in parts of Europe a "potato is more valuable than a human life?" There is enough needless suffering the whole world round to stir in us such a flood tide of pity, compassion and an urgency to save that we should be unable to contain ourselves.

And yet is any such reaction in evidence? Why not? I think I know. Most of us have lost our vision of life's holiness. Nothing is especially sacred. Two World Wars in our lifetime have cast their shadow upon us. Fifty million human beings sacrificed to Mars make life seem cheap. And the sophistication of a materialistic age has turned millions into scoffers.

What is the solution? More sermons on truth and righteousness and brotherhood? You know it isn't! Man has to discover again whose child he is and to whom he and this universe belong. Each of us must open the windows of his soul as Jesus did and catch sight again of our God and His righteousness. We must be electrified, not by the wonders of a scientific age, nor by the promise of social utopias, but by the beauty and the glory of our own souls as they respond to the majestic power, the eternal purpose, and the outreaching love of God.

Carl Bihldorff

(By permission of "Our Faith," published by The Unitarian Christian Committee)

"THE ANGLER'S PLEDGE"

I'll fill my lungs with Springtime air,
My heart with Springtime song.
I'll shut my eyes to the world of care
And follow the stream along.
I'll go to school in the school outdoors
And learn from a teacher wise,
Who sits above on a bough and pours
A song to the sunlit skies.
I'll taste again of the childhood joys,
And I'll never be old and gray,
I'll keep my heart fifteen, my boys,
No matter how long I stay.

Douglas Malloch

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church.
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

ON THE 4th of this month throughout this nation we celebrate again our Independence Day. Our blessings here in America are so great that unless those who are the recipients of them are willing to assume a self-imposed discipline, we are apt to grow calloused, and then the first thing we know our rights are imperilled and an effort is made to destroy them. I think it is this thought which motivated the classic utterance "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." The enjoyment of the benefits of democracy is so great that the tendency often is to think only of our rights. We sometimes become demanding and assertive about them.

It is well to remember on such days as this that there are no rights without a corresponding duty and responsibility. There has never been a failure of democracy yet. Democracy does not fail, any more than does religion. It is we who fail. We fail democracy and we fail religion. This means that each of us, of whatever creed, or faith, or race, must be constantly on guard lest special interests and particular groups attempt to create hatred and discord, and undermine the very freedom which we all enjoy. We can have no liberty until we are ready to assume the responsibility of liberty. In a very true sense, there isn't any such thing as "personal independence." You may be prosperous, you may be successful, but if you are, it is only in proportion as others have helped to create your position. There is no such thing as living life victoriously alone. No one institution can fail without in turn influencing every other institution of similar character.

We are all weavers on the loom of the years, and the pattern before us, established by wise men and devoted men to the ideal of freedom, is still on our loom. Let us weave that pattern, each one of us, carefully, nobly and heroically. For this purpose did America come into existence. For this purpose do we live. It is more valuable to us than any other living thing, and as we weave our pattern perfect and fair, we shall become a guiding light to all those who are downtrodden throughout the world. Let us watch our pattern and keep it true.

Have you ever carefully and thoughtfully read the words inscribed on the

Statue of Liberty, words written by Emma Lazarus:

"Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land;
Here at our sea-washed sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name,
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon hand
Glows world-wide welcome. Her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp cries she
With silent lips. Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses, yearning to breathe free;
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore;
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed, to me.
I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

P.B.

BOOK CHATS

I PICKED up a book which recently came to my desk, published in April, and turned to the back of the paper covering and saw this heading: "World Background Books," and listed underneath such titles as these: "Ocean Outposts," and "Islands on Guard," both by Helen Follett; then "Here Is Africa," and "Mediterranean Spotlights," the latter two by *Attilio Gatti;* "Here Is India," by Jean Kennedy; and the last two, "Here Is Alaska" and "Within the Circle," both by Evelyn Stefansson. World Background Books: well, I thought, who doesn't need in this day and age, to brush up on the World Background? Is there anyone who doesn't want to know more about this interesting, fascinating world we are in? This series, and the book I have chosen to tell you about are published by Charles Scribner's Sons, and the special book of our interest is called "Turkey, Old and New," written by Selma Ekrem. The illustration on the cover itself makes one want to hop a plane and be set down in the center of the village square depicted, where on one street is a perfect illustration of the title of the book itself, with a Turkish mosque in the background, a strictly modern building on the left, and an old world building on the right, with its overhanging balcony, and the doorway where we know the cattle are housed on the ground floor, a native woman carrying pails of water on one side of the street, and an auto and an ox-driven cart to the left. To open the book anywhere, at any page is pure delight, for it is packed with illustrations, beautiful, strange and interesting, of landscapes of rare beauty, of cities, towns and villages, of factories, schools, children, peasants.

Selma Ekrem, the author of this book on Turkey, is the granddaughter of the Turkish poet and patriot, Namik Kemal, and her father was an educator and writer, also governor of Jerusalem and the Aegean Islands. The author

was born in Turkey and has lived part of her life in that country and part in the United States, where she is in the office of the Turkish Consul in New York. She has written another book, "Unveiled," an autobiography, published by Ives Washburn, and she has lectured on Turkey. Now, in case someone very politically minded might think or fear the book to be political propaganda, let me assure you that it is not that type of book at all. Here are the chapter headings, which may give you an insight into the contents: "Turkey, Land of Contrasts"—"At Home Among the Turks," a chapter in which the author takes you right into the home of a Turkish merchant, and as she describes the grandmother brewing the coffee, we learn much about the famous Turkish coffee and the secrets of its making. Next a chapter on "Empire to Republic"—"A Nation Goes to School" —and here I learned to my surprise that education is compulsory for both boys and girls—"Out of the Harem into the World"—"The Republic Reforms the Land"—"Factories, Schools and Other Reforms"—"Ramazan and Candy Festival"—"Istanbul, The City on the Golden Horn"—"Turkish Legends and Nasreddin Hodja"—and the final chapter, "Turkey Works for Peace." Included in the book is a splendid map of Turkey.

As one reads this book, it is astounding how little we have known about this country, though it is constantly in the news because of its strategic position. All the way through she gives us delightful glimpses of the old Turkey, telling us of where an eighteenth century sultan watched "hundreds of tortoises with candles on their shells meander among the tulips in his garden, while tall, slim maidens dressed in white tossed golden balls to each other." Then she contrasts this with the new Turkey, with the fascinating story of how the country became literate and how the Turkish women abandoned the veil. She tells in a very understanding manner of the political difficulties and gives us a clear picture of the Moslem religion and its festivals.

The more we know of any people or of any country the better will we be able to understand their difficulties and our own difficulties in dealing with them. The more we know about any part of the world, the greater will be our enjoyment of the world, its art and its contributions to civilization. To me, these countries about which we know so little have a great fascination. It seems to me this book is worth a great deal more than the price of it, for the splendid illustrations alone, for it is crowded with them, often two to a page, and always one to every page. It would seem that no phase of life in Turkey has been neglected. This paragraph which I am about to quote should interest women, especially those women whose business it is to beautify other women. In speaking of the old grandmother who is brewing the coffee the author says: "Grandmother wears a loose cotton dress, and over it a padded cotton jacket, while her head is covered by a white kerchief. Her hair is hennaed and so are the tips of her fingernails, which indicates that she is quite old fashioned and follows the ancient Turkish customs. Henna was used extensively in the past by the women. It was said that the prophet Mohammed dyed his beard with this reddish-orange powder obtained from the leaves of the henna tree, an Oriental shrub, and the use of henna became almost a ritual."

The author has written a book that reads like a novel, so interesting is its material. So many parents have been writing me recently telling me of difficulties with their children, especially in dealing with their school problems, and

they have asked, "How can I interest my child in his studies?" Well, it seems to me that some of these books which are now being written about all the countries and the peoples who are strange to us, if they were being discussed at the dinner tables by the parents of our boys and girls, might do more to bring children to a realization of the things of interest to be found in books than all the lectures and scoldings in the world could do. Parents long out of touch with geography and the other subjects they studied in school, and who may fear their children will outgrow them, can keep well abreast of their children these days, by keeping on their toes about all the countries in the world of which we are going to hear more and more in the days to come. When you can bring a foreign place to a child through the interesting things you can tell in an intimate, intelligent manner about it, then you will find his interest will be awakened, and this book, "Turkey, Old and New," by Selma Ekrem will help you start out on this worth-while adventure. You can get a lot of fun, you know, out of being just an "arm-chair" traveler.

* * *

In these summer days when we are thinking about fishing, picnicking or garden planting, we like to get away from anything of a heavy nature, or books that are too serious. Certain types of books seem to adapt themselves to summer reading better than others, and certainly notable among them are stories of the out-of-doors. If you think you have vacation fever, or if you really do have it, I know of nothing better to suggest to you than a book called "Under a Willow Tree," by Arthur R. MacDougall, Jr. Now don't shy away from the book when I tell you that Mr. MacDougall is a down-East clergyman and fly-rod expert. He is considered by many as the best teller of fishing and out-door stories in the country, and I agree with the many. From the moment I started in to read his stories I lost all consciousness of the city and found myself right out in the middle of a lake, with Maine woods all around me, and the fish just jumping out of the water. Well now, I can just hear someone say in my ear, "Oh, I don't care a bit about fishing." Well, that won't matter. You will love these stories of Dud Dean, and as told by Dud Dean. For Dud understands human nature as well as how to catch trout and salmon.

These stories are just filled with surprise and suspense. They include hunting stories and tales told around a camp fire. The author's yarns have appeared in many sporting magazines and have become justly famous. Mr. MacDougall printed small editions of his stories which are now almost impossible to secure for they were snapped up overnight. The demands of the followers of Izaak Walton became so insistent, that Mr. MacDougall finally agreed to allow the stories to be generally published. Milton C. Weiler, who has done the illustrations, is a master with his subjects and has made a great contribution to the enjoyment of the book. The interesting thing about these stories to me is that they will certainly find a wider field of readers than merely sportsmen, for a woman I know who is neither a fisherman nor a hunter simply insisted that I read the book—said it was the only book she had ever read that was sufficiently relaxing so that she could read it in bed just before dropping off to sleep. She said books always tended to banish sleep for her, but after a Dud Dean story or two she would have a most restful sleep.

Mr. MacDougall has woven such a variety of characters into his stories that therein lies the universal appeal of the book. If you enjoy the unspoiled

out-doors, then you will enjoy this life in the wilds of Maine, for it captures the spirit and substance of the lakes and woods as few books do. In every story there is some delightful, flavory expression that stirs the imagination. In one tense moment when a poor young professor was trying to land a big trout that put up an awful fight—and the professor being a scientific fisherman, who had an important bet with an unappreciative so-called "fish hog"—and not only that; if the professor lost that fish, he would probably have to walk back to New York—and on top of all this, they were both very hungry, having brought only one night's meal, and this was the second day out—well just about then Dud Dean makes this comment: "It was so silent yer could hear your toes squirm in yer boots." The professor did land the trout, to the reader's and Dud Dean's complete satisfaction.

Poor Dud has quite an experience with Olivet Bumpus, a school teacher friend of his wife's, saves two lives and then discovers he is right in the midst of an exciting romance. Here are some of the titles of the stories: The Way of An Old Maid—Miscellaneous Did It —When Night Hunting Was in Flower —A Deal in Hounds—We Made It 8½ —Lady Fingers"—and many others. This is one book of out-door yarns you might remember when you want a book for a gift to Dad. But, take it from me, all the family will be reading it—"Under a Willow Tree," published by Coward-McCann.

* * *

Now there is another little book that has an interesting title for summer reading. It's "Down to Earth," by Eugene S. Hahnel, and published by the Rutgers University Press. It has a significant sub-title—"The perils and pleasures of becoming a farmer." The publishers tell us that Mr. Hahnel is not out to stop anyone's rural ride, but he is stubborn in his desire that new farmers take up some slack in their brakes and apply an occasional slowing pressure—particularly on the downhill grades.

The author is a member of the research and editorial staff of the widely known Doane Agricultural Service, of St. Louis. He was not always a farm expert, however, but when he found the city was stifling him, he rushed out to the country only to find smoking chimneys, leaking roofs, windows that were falling apart, and fields whose yields in crops were not proportionate to the blisters they caused. So the author speaks from bitter experience. It is written in a sprightly style, with extremely humorous illustrations.

Mr. Hahnel admits that all your dreams of an ideal rustic life may be true, but he insists there is a great big "but" to all the dreaming, and he wishes to paint a realistic word picture to temper those dreams. This book should be invaluable to anyone who seriously considers farm life, as no doubt many of our returned veterans are doing under the present conditions. It never did do any harm to know both sides of a picture—in fact sometimes there are more than two sides—the picture might be octagonal. I was greatly interested in his chapter headings, which he describes as Shots: Shot I—Can You Spare a Fortune?—Shot II: Humility plus 10,000 Bucks—Shot III: The Old Farm "She Ain't What She Used to Be"—Shot IV: All This and Heaven, Too?—Shot V: The Bog of Despair—Then Consultation I: Patient Out of Danger—Infusion I: Can You Make a Decent Living?—Infusion 2: Are We Men or Mice?—Infusion 3: Ignorance and Bliss?—Infusion 4: "The Apple Tree, the Singing, and the Gold"—Infusion 5: The Filthy Lucre —Infusion 6: It's in Your Hands—

Then back to Consultation II: Patient' Recovering—Next, The Invisible Viruses: Are They Gremlins?—Final Consultation and Reiteration—Coagulation, and Appendix. Now while this book is full of advice to people who might like to try their hand at farming, I am sure that a great many people who have no idea of leaving their city life and their apartment dwelling, if they are lucky enough to have one, will still have a greater appreciation of their country cousins from reading in a concise little book of about 100 pages, what some of the farming problems are.

* * *

"Many years ago, sometime during the first half of the twentieth century. . . ." "In this manner one of our descendants may begin writing of the times in which we now live. No doubt our times will seem as unreal to them as much of history now seems to us, yet the people who lived one or twenty centuries ago were real people like us. In spite of their strangeness of dress and customs, they looked, acted and felt much as we do. They helped to make the world we live in what it is, whether for good or for ill, just as we are making a world in which those who shall come after us must live. Looked at in this way, events and people of the past become as interesting and as vivid as current happenings and people in today's news. Fiction is not more fascinating." All that I have just said is a quotation from the preface to the book which I am bringing to your attention—a book called "The Church Across the Street," by Reginald D. Manwell and Sophia Lyon Fahs, and published by The Beacon Press.

The authors call this book a baker's dozen of stories of different kinds of religious bodies. They have included stories of the best known Protestant denominations, the Roman Catholics and the Jewish synagogues. It is not a church history, but merely an introduction to the larger study. In order to dramatize the issues the story of each denomination is centered around a single pioneer who played an important part, though not necessarily a major part, in the establishment of the new church. If when we see a new Church Across the Street we would ask ourselves "Why is it there? What does it stand for? What is its story?" we might not be so very limited in our outlook and in our friendships. We might thus broaden our world and have many more interesting conversations with our friends in other churches, by knowing enough to talk about the ways in which we differ. Intelligent understanding helps in making new friends as well as in keeping old ones. The story of how the different churches came into being is a true life-drama—twenty centuries of tragedy and triumph. This is the story of men and women who had insight and daring enough to break with the traditions of their day. The book is only some 250 pages, very beautifully illustrated—truly a book no home should be without; invaluable reading for the youth of our country. There are chapters on "The Beginning"—on "Marin Luther"—John Calvin—Michael Servetus—Ignatius Loyola—Thomas Cranmer—Robert Browne—John Bunyan—George Fox—John Wesley—Hosea Ballou—Joseph Smith—Mary Baker Eddy—and the final chapter on "Judaism." A true encyclopedia of the churches. I cannot recommend this book too highly—"The Church Across the Street."

P.B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

"Arden Lodge"

My dear Friends:

Can anyone tell me what has become of June? Has the month the poets were disposed to sing odes to been dropped from the calendar? I believe so—along with April and May, and all this diabolical weather supposed to be spring is in fact a continuation of an elongated March! Anyway, after more than two weeks of consistently dark skies—rain, snow, sleet, and more rain—I awakened on my birthday morn, peeked out—and behold! brilliant sunshine and blue skies! Excited by the changed outlook and oh, so glad—we (the friend here with me and I) hurriedly had breakfast, wanting to get on with our preparations for the day.

Before noon our dear and good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Nelson from the little city of Virginia (about forty miles from here) arrived, bringing besides their individual and ever delightful good cheer, eight tuberous begonia plants with enormous and gorgeous blooms on them, and other plants for window boxes—and—ice cream! That on a birthday is very important—or so I've thought since I was kneehigh. Mr. Nelson went out in the yard—if one should call it yard—the house is almost in the middle of the island and thus surrounded by trees and paths and gardens and all that makes up the island! Mrs. Nelson and I busied ourselves getting dinner and I didn't look out the window at all. After awhile Mr. Nelson called me to come out—and when I did, there before me was my pansy bed all planted with lovely pansies, their bright little faces seeming to smile up at me saying "Happy birthday to you!" Wasn't that a truly beautiful birthday surprise? These days of unbelievably awful weather, which have followed my natal day, everytime I look out, there are those pansies as bright and cheerful and sweet as though the days were all they should be and that we all dream about for Junetime!

I had made an apple pie that morning, so with the ice cream we had pie a la mode for dessert. Then we all went out into the garden and what a joy it was in the sunshine and warm sweet air! Birds were singing—happy too for the sun's warmth! The Indian plum blossoms had popped out like popcorn overnight and the trees were beautiful. The lilacs—well, I think we may have lilacs for the 4th of July—but that would be unique—and they are lovely anytime!—A little later in the afternoon we came in and had coffee and birthday cake—a wonderful one sent by a dear friend in Tower. Then I opened the packages that had come by mail and the many cards from every direction—many from church friends and in the Woman's Club. All this I appreciated so very much. And so I had a delightful birthday—even though I admit lurking all the time in the background was a keen sense of homesickness—because my husband and son were not with me! However, Doctor said in his birthday letter, "We will celebrate your birthday when I arrive

at the island!" Why not? I'd love another celebration!

* * *

Now we must look into the mail bag. All of you have heard Dr. Bradley read many charming poems by Thomas Curtis Clark, or from his fine anthologies of verse. Mr. Clark is also the Editor of the ministers' magazine called "The Pulpit" and known internationally. He has written this very fine letter paying Dr. Bradley tribute and praise in his most friendly and sincere spirit. I give it to you now to read: "Dear Dr. Bradley: There came to my hand a copy of your sermon in your church magazine, 'The Liberalist,' preached on the 35th anniversary of your ministry at the People's Church, and I am planning to publish the concluding portion (beginning with 'As my life deepens') in an early issue of the *Pulpit*. That is the most powerful utterance I have seen in any sermon that has come under my eyes in nearly 20 years of editing the *Pulpit*—the most powerful thing in any sermon I have ever read or heard. The close of the sermon is dynamically climactic. I shall use this great utterance —unless you sternly forbid. I think Mrs. Clark told you of our son Robert's going to Nuremberg as a translator for the war trials. He is a master of languages—German, Spanish, French—and he says he will try to learn Russian while abroad. He is greatly interested in the Youth movement and may connect up with it after his two years of translating. He is not a church member, but is a fine Christian. I suppose also that Mrs. C. told you of hearing you read "God's Dreams" in your morning program. That poem, written in early 1917, goes on and on. It is more timely today, surely, than when written. You have many thousands following your ministry, but none of them more enthusiastic followers than two people at 1812 S. Seventh Avenue in Maywood. And my Mother (now 94) has for years listened to your messages. The best to you—for another 35 years."

* * *

And now I choose from hundreds of letters received by Dr. Bradley for his thirty-fifth anniversary in the Peoples Church and his twenty-fourth anniversary of broadcasting the church service Sunday mornings, the following letter from one I may affectionately speak of as "one of our girls." We have known her and watched her grow from school days into a lovely bride—a wonderful mother—and into beautiful womanhood. This letter expressing her appreciation of her pastor was I know written from her heart. Headed "A Twenty-fifth Year Letter to my Dear Pastor." "Dearest Dr. Bradley: When I was a student at Lake View High School at the age of 15 some friends invited Mother, Dad, and me to attend your Sunday service. From that day forward we became interested in you and your work. That was the beginning of my growth in religious understanding. It was a real step forward when at the early age of eighteen I joined your church. I can see now how these weekly sermons kept me at an even keel throughout my growing-up years! In my 20th year your knowing influence guided me in making my choice in marriage. And at 21 years you united me in marriage to the man I loved. When I was 25 our son was born and we brought our little one to you to be christened; and when I was 27 our beautiful little baby girl was christened. Then there were beautiful years together watching our little family grow and enjoying the activities of the church too. Then came the depression years, only to remind me how you kept the spirit of the people above the hardships at hand. Then came the tragedy of our family life—the passing of our dear one—and you again com-

forted us and brought us through the hardest year of our lives. And for the past six years you have been the guiding influence for Richard, Diane, and me. We are truly grateful. You have been the inspiration for Mother and Dad through all these years and in the last three years all through Dad's illness your nice visits with him have been a benison for his lonely days. And then how wonderful it was to have you and your dear wife at my 40th birthday. This letter is only to tell you how proud we are of you as our pastor and to tell you how much we love you personally and in your doing for others all through the years we only wish there was something we could do for you. Sincerely yours, Dorothy E. Roetter."

We do not often receive a letter written at sea from one who has heard Dr. Bradley's broadcast over a ship's radio. But I find the following from Cecil E. Morris, S.S. "Caribbean," which is most interesting. How little we realize where the message will go by the air lanes! Here is the letter: "Dear Dr. Bradley: Yesterday, while sailing up the Gulf of Mexico en route to Corpus Christi, Texas, I happened to tune into your broadcast by accident. Your address, although very, very brief, was inspiring and helpful to me, a merchant seaman, so I decided to listen to your '10 things to know before you are 21,' which was for today. I adopt this medium of expressing my sincere gratitude to you for 'HELP' in both these messages and wish you continued success in the important Master's work which lies before you."

* * *

And now goodby till next month. I hope you all get out-of-doors as much as possible as soon as summer weather arrives—and it will eventually—this can't keep up much longer! Be sure to write—and KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

Written at Black Duck Island
Lake Vermilion.

THE THREE WOULDS

I would I were beneath a tree,
A-sleeping in the shade,
With all the bills I've got to pay
Paid!

I would I were beside the sea,
Or sailing in a boat,
With all the things I've got to write
Wrote!

I would I were on yonder hill,
A-basking in the sun,
With all the things I've got to do
Done!

(From "The Port of Missing Authors" Desk Drawer Anthology.)

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

FOR MAY

1—Radio address. WLS
Cut five 15-minute records for summer transcriptions over WJJD
Radio address.

2—Radio address WLS
Cut two 15-minute records for summer transcriptions over WJJD
Radio address by transcription WGN
Address. Veterans War Memorial Auditorium, Indianapolis, Ind.

3—Reception to Hon. Joseph Winewiez, Polish Ambassador to U.S.

4—Morning Service. Peoples Church

5—Radio address. By transcription. WLS
Radio address by transcription. WGN
Address. Executives of General Mills, Minneapolis, Minn.

6—Radio address. WLS
Address. National Convention of Boys Clubs of America
Address. Annual Spring Luncheon Woman's Club, Peoples Church
Radio address. WGN

7—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN

8—Radio address. WLS
Meeting. Unitarian Service Committee
Radio address. WGN

9—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. National Conference Community Churches

10—Luncheon. Chicago Friends of Public Library
Dinner. Friends of Literature

11—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Address. Warren Blvd. Congregational Church

12—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. Carey Temple Forum

13—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. Men's Club, Federated Church, Sycamore, Ill.

14—Radio address. WLS
Luncheon. Chicago Club
Cut three 15-minute records for summer transcriptions over WJJD
Radio address. WGN
Meeting. Board of Trustees, Peoples Church

15—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. Elgin Community Chest, Elgin, Ill.

16—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. Fathers and Sons Dinner, Church School of Peoples Church

18—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Annual address. Columbia Post Monument GAR, Forest Home Cemetery

19—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. State Convention, Ill. Fed. Women's Clubs

20—Radio address. WLS
Address. Cook County Safety Conf.
Radio address. WGN
Dinner meeting. Professional & Business Woman's Club, Peoples Church

21—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN
Address. Boswell Club

22—Radio address. WLS
Reception. Chicago Civil Liberties Union
Radio address. WGN

23—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN

Commencement address. High School, Coal City, Ill.

25—Morning Service. Peoples Church
Address. 25th Anniversary Acacia Park Cemetery

26—Radio address. WLS
Two addresses. Tilden High School
Radio address. WGN
Address. Men's Club, Peoples Church

27—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN

28—Radio address. WLS
Cut record for WGN
Radio address by transcription. WGN
Commencement address. High School, Stoughton, Wisc.

29—Radio address. WLS
Radio address. WGN

30—Radio address. WLS
Cut record for WGN
Address. Commonwealth Edison Post, American Legion
Radio address by transcription. WGN

CHRISTENINGS

4—James Michael Schroeder, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Schroeder

11—Diana Lee Wirth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wirth
Charles Arthur Rosseter, son of Mr. and Mrs. Willard Rosseter
Gloria Elizabeth DeFilipps, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel J. DeFilipps

25—Andrew Bela Lefton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Lefton

WEDDINGS

3—Eugene Spain and Virginia Schultz
Russell Shilling and Alma Schultz

6—G. Granville Smith and Jessie Steltzer

7—Jack Stone and Rosemary Davidson

10—Robert Gordon and Lorraine Golnik
Lloyd Webb and Hazel Miller

17—Vincent Erb and Hester Gifford
Edward Schultz and Bernice Czekala

21—Oscar L. Coe and Ruthe Miller

22—Lloyd H. McEwen and Grace Barrett

24—Capt. Milton O. Costello and Maxine Greenway
Arthur J. Jensen and Irene C. Chapman

27—Charles Wilson and Helen Louise Hink

29—Earl Strom and Pearl Leminger

31—G. E. Norden and V. J. Bock
Leonard Bronstein and Ann Miller
Donald S. Holman and Beverly I. Wager

FUNERALS

3—Edwin M. Meder

9—Frank J. Seibel

12—Mrs. A. Ulber
Miss Anna Hagg

15—John C. Dittmer

17—Mrs. Dorothea Hagen
Cora Tanrath

19—Mrs. Elva Elizabeth Fitch

20—Mrs. Christina Frisk

21—Charles Parsons
Tyre Henderson
Mrs. Julie Hansen
Hilda Olson Charleson

23—Mrs. Lottie Anderson

28—Ernst Johannisson

31—Mrs. Mary Ellman

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan

36th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD). Closed for the summer. Reopening September 14.....11:00 a.m.
During the summer by transcription, WJJD, every Sunday 11:00 to 11:15

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall.
Closed for the summer. Re-opening September 14..... 9:30 a.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS Fridays—Auditions 7:30—Church Auditorium.
Next rehearsal, August 29..... 8:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB
Miss Mabel E. Byrnes, Cor. Sec'y., 1252 Glenlake Ave. (40), Bri. 5308

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB
Miss Grace Rozanski, Cor. Sec'y, 1434 Thome Ave. (26), Bri. 6914

MEN'S CLUB
Earl S. Neindorf, Sec'y, 1517 School St., (13), Lak. 7267

USHERS' CLUB
Frank J. Mason, Sec'y, 4935 Broadway (40), Edg. 3519

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY, MARY BARTELME CLUB
(Meets on Notice)
Jane Jones, Pres., 1261 Argyle St., Ard. 9301

PARENT-TEACHER FORUM of the Church School
George Young, Sec'y, 2426 Berwyn Ave. (25)

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS, J. Bradley-Griffin, Director
Summer address: Luzern Garden Theatre, Lake Geneva, Wisc.
For details see page 23

THE CHANNING CLUB
Rosemary Sparks, Cor. Sec'y, 852 Lakeside Place (40)

GIRL SCOUT TROOP No. 187
Betty Boaz, Leader, 7637 N. Greenview Ave. (26), Rog. 5742

CUB PACK No. 3864 of BOY SCOUTS
Gil Miller, Leader, 832 Montrose Ave., Rav. 5531

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday Morning by transcription.....11 to 11:15 a.m.

WLS—"Hymns of All Churches" (ABC Network—200 stations), Monday through Friday. (By transcription until Sept. 15th)..... 9:30 a.m.

WGN—Monday through Friday. Will be resumed on September 22.... 6:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

LUZERN GARDEN THEATRE, LAKE GENEVA

GRAND OPENING—FRIDAY, JUNE 27TH

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
will be dedication speaker

Production—"ARSENIC AND OLD LACE"

Friday, June 27 — Sunday, June 29
Saturday, June 28 — Monday, June 30

Curtain 8:30

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"

Thursday, July 3 — Saturday, July 5
Friday, July 4 — Sunday, July 6

Monday, July 7

"KIND LADY"

Friday, July 11 — Sunday, July 13
Saturday, July 12 — Monday, July 14

"OUR TOWN"

Friday, July 18 — Sunday, July 20
Saturday, July 19 — Monday, July 21

"HAY FEVER"

Friday, July 25 — Sunday, July 27
Saturday, July 26 — Monday, July 28

This beautiful new theatre is easily reached by auto, Northwestern train or Greyhound bus (the latter leaving Chicago at State and Lake). For information as to the Theatre or the Bradley-Griffin Summer Workshop, write

The Uptown Players, Luzern Garden Theatre
Lake Geneva, Wis.—'Phone: Lake Geneva 9

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

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